# Up Shit Creek Without A Paddle (Henclair) by beepbeepliv

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Dustin gets spiked.

Sorry for the shitty ending. TW: vague implications of intent to rape

# Up Shit Creek Without A Paddle (Henclair)

**Author's Note:**

> another prompt from tumblah, "it's all my fault," for henclair, thought id share bc it got long lmao
>
> I love to fuck with my favourite characters

“I won’t go, if you don’t want me to,” Dustin said, for the fifth time, glancing back at where he knew Lucas was stood, just staring. He shook out of his daze and shrugged.

“No, go! You should go! I’m just… not sure about him.” He said, still confused within himself at why he didn’t want Dustin going out. They’d been together for 4 years, he knew the younger boy would not be leaving him for this guy, but he still felt off about the whole thing.

“Dude, his father is a director. He *said* he saw potential in me. I can’t pass that up!” Dustin continued, putting down his comb and getting up from the dresser to approach where Lucas was still stood, crossed armed.

“I know, babe, I know.” He replied, pulling Dustin close once he was within reach, so they were both pressed against the wall, “I know... I can’t help if I worry about you,”

“I’ll be fine! I’ll text you the whole way. If he tries anything. I’ll bite him, and Dart will sense my pain and come running,” Almost on cue Dart started howling from his cage, Lucas smiled over at him fondly and Dustin heart swelled at the amount of love Lucas had for Dart.

(He had squealed the first time he met him. “Oh my God. He thinks he’s a wolf! Dustin, I love him,”)

Dustin still saw a bit of worry in Lucas’ expression.

“Fake dating someone isn’t the worst thing I’ve ever done,” Dustin murmured, then he growled, trying to lighten the mood, and it worked because Lucas’ concerned expression morphed into disgust. He pushed Dustin on the shoulder and turned to walk away when he

was caught by the waist and pulled back. Lucas struggled, trying not to concede too quickly.

“Boys who growl don’t deserve boyfriends,” He yelled obnoxiously

“No! baby, don’t leave me I’m sorry.” Lucas finally laughed, spinning around in his boyfriend arms, he placed his hands on Dustin’s shoulders.

“How sorry?” he asked cheekily.

“ooh, let me show you,” Dustin replied, wiggling his eyebrows, Lucas rolled his eyes but kissed him anyway.

He obviously didn’t go to the door when Dylan came around to pick Dustin up, they could have played it like he was a roommate but Lucas didn’t need any reason to feel jealous and do something stupid like kiss Dustin to assert his masculinity. He was fine just watching from the upstairs window.

He did get a text soon after he left

**8.33 – Dustin: I told you, you were hotter. Nothing to worry about *lennyface***

Lucas couldn’t help his laughter.

“Fucking loser,” he murmured heading to the bedroom, he and Dustin had set up a pretty decent fort before he had to leave, and Lucas wasn’t just going to let it go to waste. He had only seen Black Panther once… this week. It was time to watch it again.

He let Dart out and the small husky immediately jumped at him,

“Okay boy, c’mon let’s go watch some black excellence,” he yipped as if he understood and followed him back to the bedroom, settling in beside him and licking at his face. He laughed and snuggled up close as he pressed play.

Turns out he didn’t have time to feel bad or have any worried

thoughts about Dustin and Dylan because he was getting constant text updates. At least every 15 minutes.

***9.07 – Dustin: You may have to watch your back babe. Dylan's got an extensive Pokémon collection.***

***9.07 – Lucas: DnD is better. It's okay, I'll date Will***

***9.10 – Dustin: Don't you dArE***

Lucas giggled and turned to show the messages to dart, who yapped, recognising the small icon as Dustin. He headbutted the screen.

"Who would get you in the divorce?" he asked, "Me or your daddy?"

Dart yapped once. Lucas nodded.

"Yeah, that's what I thought," Lucas focused back on the film till he felt his phone go off again.

***9.23 – Dustin: Damn, Pokémon and a rugby player. Get you a man that does both amirite? Why don't you ever offer me your jersey?***

***9.25 – Lucas: We don't have jerseys you idiot, but you can wear my gross basketball shirt anytime!***

***9.25 – Dustin: mmhm boyfriend sweat. Rawr***

Fucking loser, Lucas thought fondly as he led Dart back to his cage and fed him dinner, he refilled the water bowl before locking him in. He would usually let him roam, but he wasn't currently aware enough to take good care of him (Dart fucking loved to escape, and Lucas was too tired to go out searching – plus it was dark). He didn't want to fall asleep and wake up and have him gone. Dustin would genuinely murder him.

He returned to another text.

***9.31 – Dustin: he puts pineapple on his pizza. At this point I may never come back babe byefelicia.gif***

Lucas just rolled his eyes, pressing play on the movie. Damn Daniel

Kaluuya was nice to look at, even if his character was an idiot.

There wasn't another text for a while but at this point Lucas wasn't even worried anymore. He actually felt sorry for Dylan because he was sure Dustin was spending more time on his phone that paying attention to him.

***10.00 – Dustin: Yikes well he just asked me to come back to his place to take some headshots for his dad… that sound like a proposition to me… thoughts?***

Lucas bit his lip, contemplating, he didn't want Dustin to miss out on any opportunities because of him. But he also did not want Dustin going over to this guys house. He trusted his boyfriend, definitely but he couldn't speak for the other guy. He must have been thinking for too long because another text came in soon after.

***10.03 – Dustin: I'm taking that as a no.,, I thought as much, just wanted to cross check. I'm in the bathroom now so I'll just go back out, down my drink and say I have to head home. The fort still up babe?***

***10.04 – Lucas: I never want to take it down.***

***10.04 – Lucas: Also… if you really want to go…***

***10.05 – Dustin: Shut up Lucas. Rollseyes.gif***

Lucas sniggers and places his phone down in the bedside table. He really, really didn't want Dustin going home with Dylan – so he was happy. He went downstairs to go refill his popcorn and ran into Stan, one of their roommates cleaning up. He held back the urge to roll his eyes. He loved Stan, really – but that boy loved to clean.

Lucas tried his hardest, all the time, he ready did, but he was still learning how to live with someone with OCD and wasn't sure what to do.

"Hey dude, do you wanna come up and watch Shrek with me?" he asked. Stan kept scrubbing – a bit frantically.

"No, No I, uh, I have a date with Richie in 30 minutes, but," he

paused, breathing frantically, “I can’t leave until it’s clean,” he finished. Lucas nodded, out of his comfort zone. He wished Dustin was here. Dustin was fucking amazing at calming Stan down.

“Okay, I’ll help. We can get this done in like 10!” Lucas offered, placing the bowl down.

“Really? Thank you, thanks!” Stan shoved some cleaning materials his way and Lucas chuckled, getting to work on the dishes.

Lucas and Stan manged to clean up in 20 minutes leaving Stan 10 to freshen up and get out the door. He was pretty proud of himself. He sorted his popcorn and ran back up, swearing when he realised he didn’t pause it.

“Can’t miss Shrek, this film is iconic,” he whispered to himself, laughing at his own joke. As he rewound the film he noticed his phone flashing and remembered Dustin. It was coming close to half ten- he was probably texting to say he was close by. Lucas picked up his phone to check

***10.10 – Dustin: Bill paid, walking to the car! Keep the fort warm for me!***

***10.12 – Dustin: Luca I don’t feel god,,, Cld you make msome soup for,,***

***10.15 – Dustin: he lockd the doors and im sleep***

Lucas’ heart dropped, and he felt his vision tunnel as the sound of the film faded into the background. He must have read that wrong or he was misinterpreting.

***10.15 – Dustin: this isn the way hoe…. Hes not takjin me home. Im scared***

This was not happening. This was *not* happening. Not to Dustin. Not his boy.

***10.16 – Dustin: oh my g,***

***10.16 – Dustin: I think;; he spiked me.***

***10.16 – Dustin: I thi he spik my coke***

Lucas stopped reading the text and looked at the time. It was 10.34. This had happened almost 20 minutes ago. He was such a bad boyfriend. Anything could be happening. His mind was going wild with possibilities. *Anything* could be happening. He needed to find Dustin and get to him but, no car, they had no car. How could he--? He had to—Steve! Steve had a car. He was a three-minute bike ride away.

Lucas' mind was made in an instant.

He ran down, stumbling on the stairs and quickly opening Snap-maps to find Dustin. He located him and sped down to Steve's, it was dangerous because he was nervous, his hands were shaking, and he couldn't really see. He almost got hit multiple times, but it was worth it for his boy.

He banged on Steve's door obnoxiously and repeatedly till he came down. He was in pyjamas, but Lucas didn't have the heart to make fun of him for going to bed to early.

Steve took in his state and expression and his frown lightened up.

"What's wrong?" he asked, grabbing his car keys from the stand in preparation.

"Dustin—I – I can't. It's all my fault, spiked— his drink got spiked. We- we need to go. 16 Pembrooke Drive. Steve now, Steve! He spiked him!! Anything could be—he could be— oh god!" Lucas didn't even know when he began crying, he was so frustrated and couldn't believe he was wasting so much time. Dustin had been alone and out of it with the guy for at least half an hour. Who knows what was happening?

Luckily Steve seemed to understand and nodded solemnly,

"Get in," he said, beeping the car open and speeding off as soon as they were both in. He inputted the directions into the satnav. Lucas reluctantly went back to Dustin's texts

***10.13 – Dustin: Sorry, I sosrry, so sorry,. ''; I cahkgkn't***

***10.13 – Dustin: u wer rit; I sorry ii lovv . I cant ;'kgkjl***

"Fuck," he whispered, feeling more frustrated tears come pouring out, "fucking fuck," he slammed his hand on the dashboard.

"Lucas, we'll get there. He'll be alright."" Steve said, his voice calm and steady, contrasting his death grip on the steering wheel. Lucas didn't believe him.

"This is all my fault, I shouldn't have let him go. Stupid, stupid, stupid,"

"Hey, hey listen up shithead. Did you spike him? No. so stop that self-blame shit, cause that's not helping him right now." Lucas' mouth slammed shut and he nodded. Steve was right. Focus on Dustin.

They got there, and Lucas was tumbling out of the door before the car had even come to a full stop, he distantly heard Steve reprimanding him but just ran forward into the house, ramming the door with his shoulder. He jumped back as pain flared up in his arm, but only took a moment to recover before hitting it again and again.

"Shit, Lucas, step back," Steve said, when he'd finally caught up, pushing Lucas back and picking the lock.

They ran in to find a shirtless guy standing in front of the fridge, holding a bowl of grapes. Lucas felt anger flare up in his gut as he took in his dishevelled hair and unclasped jeans. The guy frowned when they walked in, taking a step back,

"Who the fuck are you? Why are you in my house?" He asked,

"Dylan Ffion?" Lucas asked, stalking towards him. The guy shrugged, dropping the grapes and crossing his arms defensively,

"Who's asking?" Lucas reared back and decking him across the face. Groaning when he pulled his shoulder more and bruised his knuckles, the punch wasn't as hard as he would have liked but the shock factor helped him as the guy flew back, clutching his nose. "What the fuck, dude?"

"Where's Dustin?" he asked coldly, the guys eyes widened in

realisation, but he quickly schooled his expression, grabbing a cloth to catch the bleeding.

“fuck! What are you a jealous ex? I don’t have to tell you shit about his dating life,” *dating life,* Lucas felt disgust grow in the pit of his stomach.

“Look, you fuck, Dustin texted me saying you drugged him, you piece of shit, so unless you want me to leave and go straight to the station, you’ll tell me where he is and pray to God I find him in a decent condition. If I find that you’ve harmed a single fucking hair on his head, I’ll skin you.” He reeled off, stepping into the other guys personal space. He seemed to finally be understanding how serious the situation was and began stuttering through an excuse.

“n-nah dude, you’ve got it wrong. I was j-just helping him. He had too much to drink and…” Lucas scoffed rolling his eyes and grabbing Dylan by the collar, cutting off his spiel,

“Where. Is. he?”

“Upstairs, first room on the right,” he choked out just as Steve was pulling Lucas off him,

“Dude you don’t wanna get done for assault, go get him. I’ll deal with this shithead,” he said, shooing him upstairs. Lucas heart was in his throat as he ran up and to the room Dylan had said, he bit his lip when he saw Dustin, passed out on the bed. He could almost pretend he was asleep form this far away, but upon approaching him he could see the faint tear tracks on his cheeks. His heart was in his throat as he approached the bed.

“Hey Dusty,” He said, gently shaking him, “Can you hear me, love?” Dustin groaned on the bed, his eyelids flickered, and his fingers twitched. Lucas took his hand tightly, feeling his eyes tear up, “C’mon baby, wake up please,” he murmured, rubbing the back of his knuckles with his thumb. All he got in reply was another groan. He ripped of the blanket, cringing when he saw his boyfriend was just in his underwear,

“Shit, Dust, where are your clothes?” he asked quietly, looking

around the room. He grabbed a dressing gown, wrapping Dustin in it and picking him up. On his way out, he noticed Dustin's jeans on the floor, and grabbed them as well.

"Steve can I have your keys?" he asked as they walked by the living room.

"Fuck" Steve uttered when he turned around and saw Dustin in Lucas' arms, "Of course," he threw him the keys and all Lucas could think as he made his way back to the car was that he let his happen.

"Never again," he whispered, kissing Dustin's forehead, "Never again,"

**Author's Note:**

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